THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXI JUNE 1960 No. 6

GREAT ISSUES OF THE MODERN WORLD

[IN THIS GUEST-EDITORIAL, **Professor N. A. Nikam**, our esteemed contributor and a well-known teacher of philosophy, crystallizes the modern world's predicament into the problems due to the powers attained through science and the hope that a new global consciousness of man, hinted at in the formation of such institutions as the UNO, may solve them, if such a consciousness matures into a true "reverence for life." — ED.]

THE BIRTH of the United Nations Organization and the phenomenal development of science are events which distinguish the modern world from anything we know of in ancient history. The coming into being of the UNO is not an accident of modern history; it is not merely the result of the two world wars; it is the outcome of a new awareness in the mind of man. The new awareness is not Western or Eastern but global and universal. It is an aspiration for the realization of higher values; and, though the new awakening may be described as a "revolution," it is not, like other revolutions in history, the rise of a *class* to power but a recollection of man's essential nature, worth and dignity, the affirmation of the fundamental right of man *to be*, to live in peace and fellowship with fellow human beings in a life of basic equality. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is therefore a basic, universal philosophy of man and society, human relations and international obligations.

It is the implementation of this new social philosophy that marks the advance of civilization and not merely the advancement of science in the modern world.

The *Aitareya Upaniṣad* speaks of the birth of man: not of his birth in a physical body but of the birth in man of a new mind and heart. The Upaniṣad says: *sa jāto bhūtānyabhivyakhyat kim ihānyam vāvadiśaditi* (III. 13): "Having been born, he looked around on beings, thinking: what here would one desire to speak of as another?" The new awareness in man is

consciousness of fellowship with other "beings," not restricted, according to the Upaniṣad, to human beings. It is an awareness which comprehends the diversity of existence in the unity of a living fellowship.

The Upaniṣad speaks as if the bonds which unite the hearts of men were already a *historical* fact: as if the vision and perspective were already there as an accomplished goal. But it is yet to be and is not yet. It is, however, in another sense, achieved; for, what *ought* to be must be, if man is to live at all and not cease to be. The "struggle for existence" has meaning only as a "struggle" to discover the means to the realization of this ultimate end and good. It cannot be otherwise.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights proclaims a common standard of achievement for all peoples and nations. It affirms, in Article 3, "the right to life" as the basis of all other rights.

The phenomenal advancement of science threatens directly this basic right, for the atomic fall-out released by the nuclear explosions of the Great Powers threatens every living creature, everywhere, and appears to make the survival of life itself impossible. The advancement of science therefore needs a new ethic.

> The great fault of all ethics [says Albert Schweitzer in his autobiography, *Out of My Life and Thought*] hitherto has been that they believed themselves to have to deal only with the relations of man to man. In reality, however, the question is what is his attitude to the World and all life that comes within his reach. A man is ethical only when life, as such, is sacred to him....The ethic of reverence for life, therefore, comprehends within itself everything....

The *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣad* affirms: "Truly it is life that shines forth in all beings. Knowing thus, the wise man does not talk of anything else" (III. 14).

Mahatma Gandhi, who lived in his own life the ethic of "reverence for life," said:—

> Hinduism insists on the brotherhood not only of all mankind but of all that lives. It is a conception which makes one giddy, but we have to work up to it. The moment we have restored real living equality between man and man, we shall be able to establish equality between man and the whole creation.

To restore real, living equality between man and man is the noble task awaiting fulfilment.

N. A. Nikam

KALIDASA'S ABHIJNANASHAKUNTALAM

[READERS will remember the impressive essay on "Tragedy and Sanskrit Drama" in our issues for September and October 1959 by **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.**, Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair. This long essay, of which the first part appeared in our May issue, is planned as a comprehensive examination and appreciation of the *Abhijñānaśākuṇtalaṃ*. Below we print the second part. As before, Shri Viswanatham writes with a passionate feeling for his subject and the essay is steeped in literary reminiscence. — ED.]

II

UNLESS one is acquainted with the "*Śakuntalopākhyānam*" in the *Mahabharata* one cannot appreciate the astonishingly globed, compacted thing that Kalidasa has made out of it in the play. It is not decided if Kalidasa borrowed from the *Padma Purana*, or the Purana borrowed the succulent details from the play. The *Kaṭṭahari Jātaka* reads like the story of Rustum giving the signet to Tahmina and telling her to bring up a daughter herself on the price of the jewel or send word to him if the issue were a son. In the *Mahabharata* story Shakuntala is purely businesslike and practical. She is not the ravishing heroine of the play. She is like a modern young miss who drives a hard bargain with the visitor. The King finishes his amorous play in indecent haste even before the return of the sage from fruit-gathering and flees the possible wrath. Even after her child grows up, Shakuntala is not anxious to join her royal husband. When she goes to him and is rejected, she says: "I don't care two hoots for you. In spite of you my son shall be the future Emperor. Accept him at least. I shall get back to the hermitage." This is really the tamarind that the Vidushaka has in mind in the play.

Out of this raw material, a businesslike proposition, has been fashioned a lyric love, a ravishing heroine, a bright coil of young desire, a fluted column of shapeliness, a burning flame of youth — one sculptured out of lightnings, just-sprouted blossom and leaf, tremulous glances of deer and swaying creepers; kneaded out of lover's fancy and poet's dream, out of star-shine and moon-dust, flowers' pollen and bees' honey; cadenced out of rhythms and tides and tunes, out of bright gold and quicksilver, bridal visions and royal hopes; tempting and putting off temptation by "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay." The whole play is perfumed by the breath of her loveliness. She binds the play by her graces, which like a sheaf of moonbeams move with her :—

Over her rounded form
Between the shadows of the forest trees
Floated the glowing sunlights as she moved.

She is the incarnation of

One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.

From the first act, when we see her being playfully asked by her Priyamvada to blame the ever-expanding worlds of her own bosom and not the bark-garment too tightly imprisoning the rebellious pair (*payodharavistārayitṛkam ātmano yauvanam upālabhasva*), to the last, when she says she feels shy at going with her husband before elders (*jihremi āryaputreṇa saha gurujanasamīpam gantum*), she dominates the play veiled in soft and tempting shyness. The very title suggests that to the poet Shakuntala and the Recognition are the central ideas of the play.

Her physical charm is excelled only by her nobility of character. Even in the first intensity of love she can say "*Paurava, rakṣa vinayam,*"[1] though she has bewailed earlier: "*sinchatam me tilodakam.*"[2] When subjected to the greatest humiliation, she addresses the King as "*anarya,*" and when the King falls at her feet by way of expiation she has no harsher indictment than self-condemnation: "*mama sucharitapratibandhakam purākṛtam teshu divaseshu pariṇāmabhimukham asīt....*"[3] She blames her own bad luck. "Commend me to my kind Lord," says Desdemona before dying. "If not, I will die your maid," says Miranda.

I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind

is the challenging affection of Perdita.

In the first six acts Shakuntala is the Power of Beauty. Even the doorkeeper comments on her loveliness; in the last act she is the Beauty of Power — of the soul, of the Holiness of the Heart's Affections. The King who gallantly offered to shampoo her legs — *aṅke nidhāya karabhoru yathāsukham te samvāhayāmi charanāvuta* — actually falls at her feet. Dushyanta's falling at the feet of Shakuntala is one of the significant revolutions in the play. A male, a king honoured by Indra, to touch the feet of a woman, a wife, in sorrow and emaciation! He is still the gallant lover: "*Bāshpam pramrujya vigatānuśayo bhavāmi.*"[4] The *Śākuntala* is not

[1] O [King] of the Puru race, preserve modesty.

[2] Sprinkle sesamum-water for me. [A rite for the dead. Shakuntala begs her friends to do something to make Dushyanta take compassion on her, or else she would certainly die.]

[3] In those days it was my past *karma*, preventing the [effect of] good deeds, that pressed towards fulfilment.

[4] Having wiped away this tear...I shall become free from remorse.

so much the recognition of Shakuntala as the recognition of the King: "*tvayā pratyabhijnātam atmānam paśyāmi.*"[5]

It is indeed the encounter of two rare affections. As the rose blendeth its odour with the violet, Dushyanta melts into her. "*Na khalu āryaputra iva*"[6]—is the finest compliment that a woman can pay to her husband and "*tvayā pratyabhijnātam . . .*" is the most delicate compliment that a husband can pay to his wife. No wonder Ryder was in raptures about Shakuntala :—

Though lovely women walk the world today
By tens of thousands, there is none so fair
In all that exhibition and display
With her most perfect beauty to compare.

Coleridge noted in his notes on *The Tempest:* "Shakespeare saw that the want of prominence was the blessed beauty of woman's character and knew that it arose not from any deficiency but from the more exquisite harmony...." Shakuntala has all that womanhood that continuates society. M. le Baron Guerrin de Dumast writes about heroines in Sanskrit poetry:—

> Neither designed—nor dreamt of even by the Greeks or by the Romans, who had never risen to such heights; neither suspected by Homer or even by Virgil, feminine types of such elevation, such delicacy, such purity of sentiment could not have been conceived any more by the great Samskrit epic writers if these had not met on the banks of the Ganges what did not exist either by the shores of the Meles or of the Tiber.

Shakuntala is Kalidasa's most exquisite heroine. She combines Heaven and Earth in one sole name. An unparalleled lass, born of a nymph and a royal sage, rounded by youth and perfumed by love, as tender as the *navamallika* and as guileless as the deer, veiled in shyness and jewelled in beauty, playing with the creeper-sisters and sporting with the fawn-brethren, the very breath of Kashyapa and the life of Anasuya and Priyamvada, tormented by love but restraining herself with inviting no's and with trellised fingers hiding her lips' lusciousness, married and *enceinte* and taking leave of the hermitage, rejected and humiliated as cunning and loose, observing the austerities of separation and reunited to her royal lover—she gathers the whole stage to herself. She grows before our very eyes—one of the superb strokes of the poet. The rosy pudency of the first act grows big with the fire of kingliness into an austere Motherhood on Hemakuta like Patience on a monument—thin, unkempt, unshowy.

---

[5] I see myself recognized by you.

[6] This is not like my lord, indeed.

Apart from other strokes of inventive genius and above them all is said to be Kalidasa's invention of the curse of Durvasa. It is. The royal rake of the *Mahabharata* story is by this device transformed into a king among lovers and a lover among kings. The curse of Durvasa is not the play of a *deus ex machina* but one rooted in human nature, say the apologists of the play. From a strictly dramatic point of view, nothing that does not issue out of human agents should have play. What has a play to do with sages' curses, zooming up to the heavens and landing on Hemakuta, rings found in fishes' bellies and amulets that hiss and bite like serpents if touched by persons other than parents? The master stroke of Kalidasa is not, thus, dramatic material strictly. The island of Calypso cannot be Ithaca.

Further, the play need not stretch into seven acts. The sixth act, for instance, is like a sixth finger. The delicious and romantic agony of the King seems to be intended for Sanumati to carry the happy news of the King's suffering to Menaka and Shakuntala or to tell us what happened after the third act on the love-perfumed banks of the Malini. A single remark of Shakuntala in the seventh act sums up the wasting sorrows of the King: "*Na khalu āryaputra iva.*" Nothing moves here; the sixth act is a tear-filled pool of regrets. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare in a similar incompetent way handles the story of Ariel—for the benefit of the audience.

In spite of this long-windedness, luxuriating in love-lorn grief, the play is one of the most carefully written and carpentered structures we know. The strict interior stitching is one of the amazing things besides the nurslings of immortality—the two Viśakha stars round the new digit of the Moon and the old lady Gautami; the irascible Sharngarava and the mild Sharadvata; the delightful scene of the policemen and the fisherman becoming boon-companions, etc. Not a single word is superfluous; there is no material unused; every incident has a long-delayed relevance. In the *Śākuntala* centre and circumference are one. Touch a thread, and the whole web moves in response. Consider for instance Dushyanta's attempt to disguise his passion from his friend: *Parihāsavijalpitam*...[7] (Act 2) seems to be just a ruse of the lover for the time being; its agonizing relevance is seen in the sixth act when the Vidushaka uses the very words of the King: "*Parihāsavijalpa eṣaḥ.*" Every stroke of the poet's pen adds a beauty somewhere. With amazing propriety Shakuntala is kept ignorant

[7] This is the first word of a line in which the King tells the Vidushaka, for fear of his discretion, that he must not take in earnest what the King had said in jest about his passion for Shakuntala.

of the curse, and the knowledge of the curse comes after the union and makes the marriage of true minds still more "*adwaitic*" (to borrow the superb use of the word by Bhavabhuti). With great insight Kalidasa did not restore Shakuntala to Kanwa's hermitage; it would have been as bad as Lear's restoration to his kingdom. She has to work out her salvation. The blessing of the brahmins, "*Chakravartinam putram āpnuhi,*" at the beginning of the play, is realized in the seventh act.

The hermitage of Maricha on the Hemakuta echoes the hermitage of Kanwa on the Malini. The drama of the flesh, the beating of two hearts, is enacted between two hermitages where flesh is renounced and the beats of the heart are stilled. Hearts are knit in one; souls are knit each in the other. A penance grove is the alpha and the omega of the *Śākuntala.* The unions take place in hermitages and the separation is effected in the city where people are unwashed, impure, dozing and in the bondage of flesh. A childless king goes to a hermitage where deer are the children, goes back to the bleak childless city, rejects his unborn child, is worried about the childlessness of Dhanamitra, envies Indra with his son, finds his own child on Hemakuta.

What is lost and recovered is never lost again; what is forgotten and remembered is never forgotten again. A thing is endeared by being lacked. In the *Śākuntalam* things are growing, developing, evolving. A bud becomes a fruit; a king and a husband falls at the feet of a subject and a wife. This falling at the feet is comparable to Lear's kneeling before Cordelia: "I think this Lady to be my child Cordelia"—the kneeling of a king and a father to a subject and a child. A hermit girl becomes a queen. The lass of his love becomes the mother of his child. Who was once wooed is now worshipped; the glamour of youth gives place to the glamour of character. One is reminded of Gandhiji's great sentence: "Remember that a Woman was your Mother before a Woman became your Wife."

The hermits come to the city. Some experience is being gained every minute. Great things are done, said Blake, when men and mountains meet. Here Earth and Heaven meet; men and animals meet; the animate and the inanimate are one. The *Śākuntalam* is the happy meeting-ground of widely disparate experiences and widely differing segments of life. From the urbanities and comforts of a city we slip into the rough (from the Vidushaka's point of view) life of the forests; we saunter along the Malini and get back to the ache and fret of the city (from the hermits' point of view); we zoom into the heavens and descend to Hemakuta—part of this earth, no doubt, but eclipsing the beauty of the heavens; it has all the beauty and purity of a dewdrop suspended in mid-air. Even in the life of

the hermits shades and nuances are revealed. Durvasa represents the *brahmacharya* stage; Kanwa the *gṛhastha* stage; Maricha the *vānaprastha* stage.

K. VISWANATHAM

(*To be concluded*)

A HOPE OF RENAISSANCE

DR. JUAN MARIN'S address at the Foundation of the Renaissance Society on April 9th, 1960, is fresh and bold. Taking down all the *clichés* with a deft touch, he shows the Renaissance to have been an age of preciseness. The Renaissance has often been hastily labelled as a return to classicism; but Renaissance men did not humbly adore the past — they looked to the present and more to the future, for they fostered a spirit of continuous creation. Dr. Marin says, with no suggestion of timidity,

> the creative character of an age such as our own is a clear sign of a reawakening of the Renaissance spirit....Presenting the Renaissance as a dynamic rather than a static process shows clearly its resemblance to our own age, in which the most far-reaching of transformations are taking place in man's existence and in his universe.

Dr. Marin, one feels, may help the "Angry Young Men" to be less petulant. He is no facile optimist, for he sees that the world is weighed down with anxiety and wretchedness and that man is at the mercy of chance; but he also sees the effort to find a world in which man can be creative. Man has once more become the focal point, the centre of action.

With the confident gesture of a Prospero he dismisses "the Frankenstein myth of science and technology":—

> The present-day technico-scientific trend is merely a prolongation of the Renaissance. There need be no fears in regard to man. He will never allow himself to be mechanized nor will he sell his soul in exchange for a vain and fleeting glory.

Many looked at the Renaissance with the same fear and time proved them wrong.

In this way Dr. Marin builds a structure with the logic of courage. He must have made his listeners wish it was more elaborate and detailed than the limits of an address allow it to be.

TILOTTAMA SIRKAR

THE SENSE OF GOD

[**Mr. H. C. Duffin** describes some of the types of immediate experience which bring assurance to the human soul that it is in relation to a more enduring reality than its familiar, objective world. "The Sense of God" Mr. Duffin describes is the sense of God immanent — a profound source of encouragement and moral sustenance when it ripens into the realization that "there dwelleth in the heart of every creature...the Master — *Ishwara* — who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time." — ED.]

BELIEF IN GOD, which is the root of religion, may rest on authority or come through personal experience. No one who has had, or believes he has had, personal experience of God requires, or would accept, the support of authority, however exalted. The personal experiences need not be continuous, or of a sublime order. Mr. Julian Duguid has told us that once, in a crisis of acute despondency, exactly as he touched the breaking-point, his wife came in with a large bowl of chrysanthemums.

> She placed them on a table in the window, turned on the light, and went out. An instant later my mind was filled with understanding and a peace beyond description.

A not dissimilar experience of my own was on a more imposing scale, and the communication came without the intervention of human agency. These are "signs," and it has been said that the demand for a sign is unspiritual if the whole world is a sign already. The whole world is indeed a sign, but its meaning becomes plain only at moments, and I have known moments — once alone on an open heath, once in a sitting-room with my wife — when my whole being was suddenly flooded with serene assurance, the quiet certainty that I was no individual but an integral part of an infinite whole — of beauty, and light, and peace — that was God. I felt a companion if not a compeer of Jacob Boehme, who tells us that as he was one day walking in fields the mystery of creation was suddenly opened to him, and he turned his heart to God in praise.

But these momentary signs —

> when the light of sense
> Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
> The invisible world —

are inadequate, and lack their full significance, unless they induce a permanent sense of union with the pervading Universal Being. With Wordsworth and Carlyle this sense was always present; with Whitman, too, except that for him the underlying reality was secular, lacking the

attributes of deity. The great naturalists, or those of them, like Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson, whose approach was imaginative as well as scientific, have perceived a vast consciousness in nature with which they were mystically united. William James points out that many religious philosophies, differing in outward form—"Hinduism, Neoplatonism, Sufism, Christian mysticism"—share a unanimity of mystic achievement of becoming one with the Absolute. Nor is it necessary to be a saint or a poet to participate in this knowledge. Miss Margaret Bulley says all can be aware of the harmony of the unseen world, though the artist responds to it more profoundly. Undoubtedly music and the other arts provide a very special vehicle for this sense. Mr. Neville Cardus writes:—

> For years I was as dogmatic an atheist as could be. It was when I understood for the first time the later quartets of Beethoven that I began to doubt my rationalism.... If I know that my Redeemer liveth it is not on the Church's testimony but because of what Handel affirms.

The way to an enduring sense of God lies for the common man through happiness. The world is too much with us for many of us to be capable of living in ecstasy. But all men—or far more than is generally supposed—can compass happiness, the happiness compounded of love and peace. Aldous Huxley said virtue is an essential preliminary to mystic experience, and this may well be true, but I believe happiness, as defined, to be equally a preliminary. In fact happiness, so defined, is itself a form of mystic experience, a way of living in unbroken contact with the Absolute Reality, the Eternal Beauty which is God.

The American philosopher Santayana inquired what "ultimate religion" a man might come to if he could contrive to strip himself of all predilections and become "a wholly free and disillusioned spirit." It is probably impossible to shake off (even if we felt it desirable to do so) the effects of early teaching, but assuming this to be done, and the subject to begin with a completely "open mind," Santayana thinks his immediate reaction would be to feel himself in the hands of an alien and inscrutable power. Presently he would discover harmonies between his spirit and the nature of things, and, at rapt moments, feel overwhelmed by the presence of universal good, by "the sum of all those perfections, infinitely various, to which all things severally aspire." So he would come to "that desired perfection, that eternal beauty, which lies sealed in the heart of each living thing." But still, Santayana thinks, even when thus "sensed," God, the universe, would remain foreign, marvellous, unknowable.

Only a personal relationship with God can mitigate the bleakness of this unquestionable truth. Christianity has for its end the establishment of such

a personal relation, but this end is rarely achieved. It can certainly be achieved through the happiness already recommended, which keeps the eyes open to indications of the beneficent intervention of the hand of God. "The only strength for me," said R. L. Nettleship, "is to be found in the sense of a personal presence everywhere," and this, paradoxically, while it brings happiness, cannot be experienced except by one who is already happy. When Aldous Huxley said, "To be in love is...to have achieved a state of being in which it becomes possible to have direct intuition of the essentially lovely nature of ultimate reality," he meant by "being in love" what I mean by happiness, for happiness is being in love with life. There is much that is ugly and evil in the world, but ugliness is but a drifting cloud over the face of beauty, and evil is temporal, as Pompilia knew: "This is the note of evil: for good lasts."

It is beauty that is truth: beauty is the stamp of eternity upon time, and those whose spirit is attuned to beauty feel, with Richard Jefferies, that "it is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine."

H. C. DUFFIN

THE THRESHOLD

My heart was wildly beating and my eyes were full of tears,
and through my brain were staggering a thousand million fears,
and I saw that all around me was a mighty raging sea
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be;
and its towering waves were crashing with a grim and dreadful sound
and the wind was sharply howling like the baying of a hound,
and the earth that I was leaving seemed to fall away from me
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be.

Without me there was chaos, so deep within I dived
down through layer and layer of being that can never be described,
and at last I reached the centre of the being that is "me"
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be;
and there I saw the Lotus, and it was a thrilling sight,
for glowing deep within me was the fiery fount of light,
and all the darkness vanished and I waited, calm and free,
as I stood upon the threshold of the Life that is to be.

YUVARAJ KARAN SINGH

DOLDRUMS IN RELIGION

[**Mr. Ernest V. Hayes,** himself positively concerned for spiritual ideas, examines in this article the conditions prevailing throughout the civilized world in regard to religion. He makes many important observations, and we agree with him that "the civilization and culture which they take for granted may wither and die, unless continually fed by a Spiritual Bread of Life and a Wine of Spiritual Exhilaration."—ED.]

BRITAIN is under observation in this article, but there is good reason for asserting that other countries of Europe are experiencing in religion (both exoteric and esoteric) the same twilight that can be noticed in the British Isles. The general impression is that the same flinty materialism and gay indifference to the things of the Spirit are to be found in North America, Australia and New Zealand, and in some countries labelled Eastern as well. We are not considering those Communist countries in which an active dislike of religion is evident, with some persecution, because in those countries—significantly enough—there is a revival of the religious spirit in the face of State hostility.

A point often made by the neo-pagans of the West is that church-going, accompanied by sacramental observances, is not a genuine proof of true spirituality. Yet it has been a fact throughout history—and still remains a fact where the religious tendency revives, in spite of repression—that some outer behaviour of a ceremonial kind is always observed to express the inner convictions. No sect in England is more devoid of rites and observances than the Society of Friends—the Quakers. But they have their meetings for worship and meditation, and the recognized periods of silence must be regarded in themselves as sacramental; one cannot imagine a Quaker meeting without these established silences. Among Theosophists of some schools, and those who follow New Thought, there is, without prayer, hymn or adoration, a certain seeking after God.[1] If we agree with the Catholics that theology in itself is a form of worship, we must agree that even talking about spiritual matters, ethics and common decency in daily life is allied to church or temple attendance at ritual performances.

Now the neo-pagans of Western lands do not, as a general rule, take any interest in such discussions or in the practice and behaviour that should flow from them. One feels it is almost an insult to the pagans of the past and the present to use the same title for those who at least had

---

[1] Practices differ among various groups which consider themselves theosophical; but in Madame Blavatsky's own works it is made quite clear that in Theosophy God is an impersonal Absolute Reality — like *Parabrahm* in Vedanta — ED.

and have some religion, some moral code, some effort towards inner development, and for those who ought more truly to be labelled hedonists or good-timers — "let us eat, drink, and have fun, for tomorrow where are we?" This query about tomorrow is not confined to a query as to after death, but to the uncertainty of the very good time that is being enjoyed in this life. One detects a certain fear of the physical tomorrow amid the great prosperity among the masses that has never been known before. There is a fear not of where the next loaf of bread is coming from — as in the young days of this writer — but how long one can pay the instalment on the car, the television set, and the washing-machine; how many "rock-'n-roll" records one can manage to buy at 21*s*. each. There is nothing to be said against this wave of general prosperity for the masses; one wishes that it could be shared more widely by the still poorer nations of the earth. Poverty is not a necessary factor in spirituality. But where the spirituality is already lacking, material well-being tends to keep it more securely away. Nor can it be denied that those who practise the outer forms of a religion include some who are profoundly unspiritual. Such points are really irrelevant to the study of the doldrums found today in religion.

Has the prevalent religion in the West — Christianity in its various expressions — spent itself and is it now in its ebb, likely to retreat still farther from the discernible shore? There is a spot on the East Coast of Britain probably known, as a memory, at least, in Bombay, Lhasa, Pekin, Timbuctoo, Moscow, Venice, Yucatan and Ocean Island. It is called Southend-on-Sea. The tide goes out for a mile and a quarter, and a stranger, seeing it out for the first time, might well believe it can never come back. It is said that the mile and a quarter of oozy mud left behind is life-giving for certain sufferers. Those who do not suffer do not bother to try it, having various kinds of entertainment to keep them busy till the tide comes in. Religion is in that position in Britain at the present time. A few who feel they are suffering from some lack or other derive some benefit; about eighty per cent of the population merely see it as a very dreary affair, not worth their attention in the slightest, except for weddings, christenings and funeral services. The marriages soon lose their sacramental character, as proved by the divorces and separations; the baptisms are as described to me by an Anglican Church curate working in an East End district of London: "The women in this district always do two things for their babies. They have them baptized and they have them vaccinated. The vaccination generally takes, but the baptism doesn't often." The burial services are so lifeless and hollow that it would be better to omit them — only, the irrelig-

ious public would be indignant if that omission was attempted.

I have in mind a typical road in a middle-class neighbourhood well known to me. It is typical of the entire district, and it seems it is fairly typical of every district, throughout England and Scotland at least. There are over a hundred houses in this typical road. A careful observation reveals that out of the hundred families (with lodgers, very often) only in five houses does anyone move out on Sunday mornings to attend a church. They go to tennis, to bowls, for walks, to the inns for refreshment, out in their cars and to their television and radio—though not for the religious items on the programme. They are not aggressively irreligious; they are good-natured enough to admit that those who like religion can have it. In a way, as with the life-giving mud of Southend, they receive some vague benefit from a Faith that they do not practise; the very civilization in which they were nurtured, and which still colours their lives in pastel shades, was born of the religion that they ignore and was gradually brought to maturity in the face of bitter opposition and much hypocrisy. That the civilization and culture which they take for granted may wither and die, unless continually fed by a Spiritual Bread of Life and a Wine of Spiritual Exhilaration, and cleansed by the Water of constant re-adjustment where there is trespass and the need for correction, is a possibility that they wave aside and at which they shrug in a kind of good-tempered "*après nous, le déluge.*" They watch a family of the Catholic persuasion going to Sunday Mass with great regularity, and often members of the family going to week-day Mass also. There is no reproach in it for them; they do not jeer at the devotion; they merely comment: "Well, it isn't *my* cup of tea, anyway." And they might add (in the words of the immortal Mrs. Sairey Gamp of Dickens), "They are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other natures think different."

Yet there is a minority to whom religion is an important thing. The churches are not so empty as some would suggest, their wish being father to their thought. Some of the churches are well filled and some are fairly full. But the total attendance is a definite minority for all that. This minority is earnest enough and most of those who form it do truly spiritualize their lives by a sense of contact with the Unseen. About ninety-five per cent of this minority are fundamentalists, accepting the Scriptures and the Creeds at their literal interpretation. They see no need to be anything else but fundamentalists, for it is not orthodoxy that causes the majority to set aside religion. The revision of the Creeds would bring no more into the churches than there are now; in fact, many of the careless and indifferent majority, if asked, would express a belief in the orthodox profession of

religion; some would even be indignant if the Christian Faith were attacked. And most of the converts made by evangelical missionaries (such as Dr. Billy Graham of America) find no difficulty at all in accepting the common creed of Christendom; the difficulty is to persuade them to a new life involving the practice of religion in daily use.

There remains for consideration a small number of very devoted people who seem to have very little effect on the population. These tend to form little bunches or clusters of believers away from the main faith of the West. The more important of these will include Unitarians, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists, Christian Spiritualists and adherents of various forms of an esoteric or a mystical Christianity, none with over a few thousand in membership and some with only a few hundred or a few score. None of these would be considered orthodox; few would accept the Nicene Creed, and those who do would interpret its clauses in ways not to be approved of by the millions who, nominally, at least, belong to the Churches of Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, Anglicanism and most Protestant sects. The Unitarians would be the hardest nuts to crack in the direction of the Scriptures and the Creeds being interpreted in an esoteric way, or a truly mystical way. They are really Rationalists with a slight coating of religious expression; mysticism is no more acceptable to them than orthodoxy and fundamentalism. They may be right and the fundamentalist may be wrong; the practical point is that they carry very little weight and are not at all likely to agitate the stagnant waters of religion in Britain at the present time.

The only active religion in Britain, in the sense of making converts, rousing the sluggish among those born in the faith and showing great earnestness, self-sacrifice and intensified work, is the Catholic Church, and the leaders of that church admit that while they gain from the non-Catholic population, they lose a very large number of those who were born and baptized as Catholics. In France, it is admitted that Catholicism has lost the allegiance of the entire working-class, and that the middle-class is Laodicean in its warmth for more than formal practices, and as few of these as possible — to keep them in the aura of *comme il faut*.

So far as Britain is concerned, this spiritual lethargy is no new thing. The revivalists of the eighteenth century (John Wesley, George Whitfield, etc.) yearned over it, and before the Reformation preachers lamented or raged about it. What makes it so marked today is the vast increase in population. When Britain had about four million inmates, or even ten million, a third of the population indifferent to all religious activity was not too noticeable, scattered as the population was over vast areas and mainly

agricultural. But it would not be safe to suggest more than ten per cent of the population as concerned in religious activity at the present time. Radio, television, cinemas or sports cannot be praised or blamed for this. The minority who are churchgoers—notably the Catholics—enjoy all these modern entertainments as well as any of the neo-pagans. Nor can free-thinking take much credit or be discredited for a great share in this godlessness, accompanied quite often by unethical behaviour. If we allow ten per cent for the religiously inclined, we might allow less for the thoughtful and the studious. There is scarcely any active and aggressive atheism to be accounted for; occasionally, one meets with a contemptuous reference to religion, but this is generally based on no sound philosophical study.

One cannot well remind the average Britisher that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in his philosophy, because he has no philosophy worth calling such. The condition of the mass of the population suggests very forcibly that they are incapable of appreciating religion in its deeper sense or any spiritual appeal; there seems to be a complete lack of the mysterious gift of the soul by which we seem to be naturally related to the Unseen; the minority who have that gift only make the lack of it more striking in nine out of every ten men and women in the British Isles. And the thoughtful religious man must be reminded inevitably of that doctrine of faith in some quarters which has now been allowed to slip out of sight as not acceptable to the modern mind. It is the idea of what has always been called in Christianity Predestination. Perhaps we may not worry ourselves to the extent of finding a reason for the complete religious indifference of today. Some of us feel that such a reason ought to be found. The reason may not be entirely satisfactory, but it must be explanatory to some extent. Otherwise, we must say of the religious minority that they are unbalanced and in some instances quite crazy and living in illusions, or that, if they are on the right path, the God-intended path, then something has gone wrong with the majority, whose paths are all away from spiritual realization and whose main purpose seems to be to walk away from God rather than with him.

A careful reading of the Epistles of Paul reveals that he believed in a special selection of a certain number of that vast multitude we call humanity. And the Christ before him seems to have favoured the same view: "You are of your father, the devil; and the works of your father you will do." St. Augustine has the same idea; John Calvin was to incorporate it into his Reformed Church, and the Albigenses of the Middle Ages had also accepted it in their own peculiar expression of it. And the

Established Church of England declares in every copy of its official Liturgy that "Predestination to Life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby ... he hath constantly decreed ... to deliver ... those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind...." The old Zoroastrian teaching of the Good God and the Bad, Ormuzd and Ahriman, seems to imply something of the same idea.

Against this stands the Indian conception of "All is *Brahman*" (although that seems to be modified by the *Gita*, to some extent, within Time and Space, at least). Many mystically inclined people nowadays lean to a similar idea, such as that we are all "sparks" of Divinity or that we are all in God. It might be more correct to say that Divinity is not issued in sparks but that what we call the "God in us" is, in the majority of cases, only hovering over us, and that its entry into our consciousness is dependent on our deliberate co-operation with it; that our very immortality is conditional on that co-operation and that entry; not automatic; not granted to all although, in the vast sweep of Eternity, ever available to all. Between saying that spirituality is *available* to all and saying that all *are* spiritual (though they do not know it and do not act upon it) there is a deep line of demarcation. It may last for ages—who can say? And so, looking at humanity as we find it, we shall for a very long time find an unspiritual majority—to whom ethics is a matter of keeping on the right side of the law and avoiding the policeman, and religion is like Grand Opera, Abstract Art and Esoteric Poetry—"not exactly in our line." We are assured now and always of the minority of man to whom *Yoga* under a score of names and a score of variations is an actual religion—who are a light to every succeeding generation, a healing to those who come in contact with them, a very present help in times of trouble. We must not expect too much from the majority but be glad when an elect soul breaks away from the mass and seeks a more singular companionship. We must not use as smooth *clichés* such phrases as "we are all sparks of the Divinity," but in the Zoroastrian way see in Time and Space two armies; the Army of the Good and the vaster but more disorderly armies of the Less-Good and at times the definitely Bad. We may be happy to feel that we are on the winning side, though the victory is distant and can hardly be taken into account in the heat of the struggle, and spend ourselves in quickening one another in the Good Army, keeping in step, not dragging in unwilling recruits but accepting eager comrades during this *Kali Yuga*, this Darker Age, growing for some time yet ever more material.

ERNEST V. HAYES

THE VILLAGE AND CIVILIZATION

[WE are glad to welcome to our pages **Mr. E. W. Martin**, historian and sociologist, author of *Where London Ends*, *The Secret People*, *The Case against Hunting*, etc. In this interesting article Mr. Martin speaks of the problems of village communities overtaken by the effects of industrial expansion in the towns, and of the importance of finding such solutions to them as will permit villages to continue making their peculiar contribution to civilization — the recognition "that human arts and institutions ultimately depend on the integrity of persons." — ED.]

UNTIL RECENT YEARS the village was the centre of rural life in Britain. It had evolved for itself, through many centuries of contact with the soil, a philosophy of work and worship that satisfied the needs of country people. Villages are now passing through a particularly difficult transitional phase, from which a different kind of social and agricultural balance will emerge.

There is, of course, no true similarity between a society, like that of India, where the village can still be looked upon as the stable basis for planning and that of Britain, where all the streams of progress seem to flow from the overpopulated urban centres.

To see what is happening to the village — in the agricultural and rural counties of Britain not yet overrun by industrialism — it is necessary to realize that only two out of ten persons live outside the towns. Also it must be shown how the average country parish has lost not only its self-sufficiency, but also its feeling of isolation. Too many writers have stressed the numerical decline in village population without considering in detail the economic reasons behind such migration to the towns.

The most striking fact of modern times is that, with the speeding up of communications, rural communities have been brought into contact with the wider world. People who were once static are now mobile. Loyalties once cramped within the narrow limits of one parish are now widely dispersed. In fact, so much is happening to the lives and minds of rural inhabitants that their material and spiritual standards are different now from what they were even a couple of decades ago. We must look for a moment at certain material and cultural factors which are part of a predominantly urban and industrial organization, imposing itself on the old rural structure.

The material pattern has changed greatly since 1920, when the writer George Bourne published his book, *Change in the Village*. Bus services have established permanent lines of communication between groups of

small villages and their market towns. In terms of local government, the small town generally gives name to a rural district, administered by a Rural District Council. Almost all market towns are managing to keep their populations at even level, while practically every village has suffered a marked decline in numbers.

Villages that were once the centres of a vigorous spiritual and social life are not without vigour now, but the smaller places battle against great difficulties. Such parishes depended, in the past, on the bounty of landowners or country squires, who often employed many of the villagers in their country houses. Most of these landowners have disappeared: taxation and death duties have made it impossible for them to exist in homes that were kept up by cheap agricultural and domestic labour.

The squires gave unity to county parishes. They imposed their will on the people and in return they made it possible for such parishes to hold together, even though wages were very low and housing conditions often cramped and insanitary. With the disappearance of the squires, many who formerly worked in such country houses had to seek employment elsewhere. Gradually the population dwindled, and then would follow the closure of the one-teacher schools and the removal of the country clergyman to a larger parish from which he would take charge of perhaps two other parishes. So country parishes, bred in an individualist tradition, tend towards greater co-operation. They share not only their parsons but also a doctor and a district nurse.

The removal of children from village schools, or primary schools, takes place after the age of eleven. These children then attend grammar schools or secondary modern schools in nearby towns. They are thus brought into contact, at an early age, with a way of life somewhat different from that which their parents were familiar with at the same age.

In addition to the closure of schools and the abandonment of country houses, villages in Britain have also suffered from the decline in rural crafts. In the past, the craftsman was one of the most important working persons in any rural community. Nowadays it is common to find villages in which there are no blacksmiths, carpenters, thatchers, masons or tailors. Those who still survive are generally elderly men who cannot find apprentices to follow their crafts. Efforts are being made by the Rural Industries Bureau to stimulate local crafts and rural industries, but the modern villagers in Britain now turn more and more toward the towns for the solution of their problems.

On the cultural side, one of the most obvious influences at the present time is—television. The great characteristic of rural living in the past was

isolation. That isolation also implied some personal discomfort because of lack of amenities. The amenities are now becoming available, in the shape of electricity, piped water supplies, indoor sanitation and so on. Because rural people were once cut off from the main stream of urban civilization they were content to build up their own local culture and to maintain their own distinctive crafts. This local culture was almost entirely a manual culture, but it had its songs, its distinctive dialect, its defined social standards, its caste system. The influence of mass society is changing all that. Television has made its way not only into villages but also to isolated farmsteads and cottages. Ideas form a currency of which the rural labourers of Britain knew very little. They are now beginning to pay more attention to the cultural side of things, which once was the prerogative of the leisured classes.

In the remote village where I have lived for some years, one of the most welcome innovations has been that of the Travelling Library. Villagers have not been in the habit of reading, nor have they encouraged their children to cultivate a habit which they themselves tended to despise. But the more sensible of rural dwellers are coming to see that knowledge really is power. Farmers want their sons to acquire a knowledge of science so that they can employ it for the benefit of farming. Labourers desire their children to take advantage of State education in order that they shall be enabled to escape from the ill-paid drudgery of farm work.

It is quite plain, therefore, that conditions have forced the modern village to look beyond itself. Some years ago the Scott Committee issued an important report on the problems of rural Britain; and it stated:—

> Socially, the village has tended to become a loose and indeterminate unit with some of its members looking almost exclusively to the neighbouring town for their amusements, whilst the others suffer from the resulting decline of local institutions, thus robbed of the support of a considerable fraction, especially of the younger people.

This Committee thought that the big problem for villages was how to "refocus cultural life within the village itself." This problem does appear to be insoluble when thought of simply in terms of the village alone. It seems natural at present to think of villages in groups rather than in isolation; and it is as groups that they can continue to contribute much to the economic and spiritual life of Britain.

When the villages are compared to the great urban centres, it might be possible to say—on superficial analysis—that the villages are much inferior. They lack libraries; they lack proper centres for entertainment; their dance-halls are not expensively furnished and the bands employed

would not be to the taste of the sophisticated. But sophistication is not civilization. It is no more than a veneer that seeks to pass itself off as the real thing.

In villages one does come into contact with people who, if they are not spiritually enlightened, do try to behave as neighbours to their fellow men. They certainly think about the wage they ought to receive for a certain type of work, but in addition they do not fail to think of the job itself. The spirit of the rural craftsman, rooted in personal integrity, is not entirely absent from the villages of rural Britain.

The future of the villages of Britain is certainly bound up with the development of a scientific agriculture and the planning of new industries. The true seeds of civilization, however, lie in the realm of the spirit; and thus the new balance of forces in rural Britain will have to be human and communal as well as economic.

Village life has always been what I have called elsewhere a quest for neighbourliness. That neighbourliness must extend not only to other villages and to towns but also to other countries and other creeds. No single society, religion or political system has a monopoly of truth. In order to progress, mankind must be continually searching for new knowledge or for fresh insight into established truths. The pooling of ideas in the cultural sphere now moves from the realm of desirability into that of urgent necessity.

Thinkers nowadays, mainly concerned with human society, cannot split the cost of civilization into parts. They have to begin to look upon it as a whole. This means that inhabitants of rural Britain—living in a face-to-face relationship—cannot escape from the world's problems. In their living they can help to make the human person more aware of the community.

It is this thought for community which is particularly important. The rights of the individual have long been valued in the conflict between freedom and authority; and rural society, whether in India or in Britain, can help urban society to see some of its human problems in perspective. Life is not manufacture; nor will the ethics of a humane community be evolved by science alone.

Rural tradition in India is not dead. It has not been assaulted by more than a century of urban growth and urban infiltration. Such a rural society, with its live craftsmanship, may demonstrate what can be done for the sake of civilization if the village is accepted as the basic unit in a rural-industrial evolution. Men can dream dreams and they can use their hands. What is built in the mind and spirit will affect what is constructed

in the business of planning.

What endures in the villages of Britain today is not the grand homes which the squires built for their enjoyment but the persistent will of the former peasant to make the land abundant and to serve mankind by bending his back to tasks demanding patience and skill. In the past, in eras when life appeared to be a simple affair, country people had faith in their spiritual leaders and teachers. They were fortified by certainties that shine now, through the haze of progress, like burning question marks.

Because life itself is becoming complex, the person cannot find the same solace in simple solutions. In villages, where there is time for meditation and for the furthering of communal virtues, solutions might be discovered which will bring urban and industrial civilization to the point where it is bound to recognize that human arts and institutions ultimately depend on the integrity of persons.

E. W. MARTIN

IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD

In the silent hours of the morning,
I view Thee,
In the daytime whilst I am working
Thou art with me,
In the night when I am resting
Thou lovest and beholdest me.

NETTE BOSSERT

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN INDIA

[AGAIN AND AGAIN in recent months the indiscipline among students and various forms of rowdiness and vulgarity among young people have been causes of public concern in India. **Shri C. V. H. Rao** writes sympathetically of the potential or repentant delinquent, and draws our attention to how inadequate are the provisions for helping a youngster *before* he is confirmed in wrong-doing.

Particular attention is indeed needed for those in danger of slipping into delinquency. But a deeper question also arises: Are the elders, even the socially respected elders, living such lives as to bring home the truth which above all others sustains a human soul in temptation, the truth expressed in the *Gita* in the words, "Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of IT which is inexhaustible." ? — ED.]

ALL AROUND US youth is restless. In the universities and colleges young men are becoming susceptible to a diversity of conflicting influences which, far from helping them to evolve into harmonious and integrated personalities, are making them disgruntled and discontented. In cities like Delhi many incidents occur of teenagers annoying girls in the streets and at bus stops and throwing acid at their faces when their lascivious advances are spurned; refusing to accept the disciplines imposed in educational institutions; and committing diverse other misdemeanours. Some time ago a good-looking and well-dressed boy of about sixteen was being led by two policemen in a Delhi street. Enquiries elicited that he belonged to a respectable family but had made a habit of committing petty larcenies in his home and in the neighbourhood. Child-guidance clinics in some of our cities have as their clients a number of children, coming from middle-class families, with psychological problems and maladjustments.

All these children and adolescents are not by any means confirmed in delinquency. They are, however, potential delinquents and as such pose a serious social problem. If left to themselves they may place themselves outside the pale of the law or grow up into a social menace. But with sympathetic understanding and treatment of their maladjustments and their psychological problems they can be reclaimed as useful members of society.

Juvenile delinquency is a world-wide phenomenon though in different countries and in different environments it may assume different complexions. Poverty or economic destitution is not the sole cause for it, though, in India, with its large numbers of underprivileged and destitute families,

it constitutes an important factor in its emergence. Poverty is generally accompanied by discordant domestic conditions, in which the emotional needs of children remain unsatisfied. But in India, as in other, supposedly more advanced, countries, a proportion of juvenile delinquents come from families belonging to a higher stratum, because the parents themselves are susceptible to maladjustments arising from and associated with the present industrial civilization and galloping urbanization and from practising habits and modes of living incompatible with traditional social norms.

An eminent American psychologist, Consultant to the State Department on Mental Hygiene, Dr. David Abrahamson, attributes the growth of juvenile delinquency in the United States to the breakdown of the family unit —not to poverty as such but to the lack of the affection and security that a family provides. Crimes are committed by adolescents not because they are criminally minded but because crime seems to them a means of securing recognition of their unsatisfied egos and an escape from the emotional stresses engendered by denial of such recognition in the family circle.

The problems of juvenile delinquency demand urgent attention because of the big risks involved in their neglect. The number of underprivileged and unadjusted adolescents is increasing under the stress of modern conditions; and since they belong to an age group which, under proper guidance and sympathetic handling of its problems, is susceptible of reformation and of development into healthy citizens, they can be neglected only at peril to national progress and social stability.

In India an organized attack on the malady has evidently rested with the passage, two or even three decades ago, of Children Acts, the organization of a few probation services and the establishment of a few juvenile correctional institutions. We still tend to be obsessed with the idea that the most effective method of dealing with a child prone to abnormal behaviour or anti-social tendencies is to send him to a remand or reformatory institution or to a Borstal school, or, when these institutions are not available, to a voluntary welfare institution. The treatment available at these institutions conforms to a set pattern of teaching the inmates reading and writing and training them in some craft or trade in the hope that they will acquire some skills and turn over a new leaf.

Little or no attention has been paid till recently to preventive measures which would eliminate some of the root causes constraining a normal child to deviate into a path of delinquency. It is at present beyond the financial resources of the State, and even more of voluntary agencies, to promote family-welfare services on a scale which would make many poor and middle-class families domestically harmonious and able to provide their

children with facilities for healthy recreation, enabling them to evolve into psychologically adjusted adolescents. Family and community welfare is still a somewhat nebulous notion with us and the services available in these fields are so scanty as to be almost negligible. Equally disconcerting is the position regarding other welfare services which could assist children and growing adolescents with personal and other problems in cultivating healthy habits of living and thinking, such as an educational system which could instil pride of tradition and innate serenity of mind. There are more influences conducive to the cultivation by children of anti-social attributes than to that of balanced and emotionally subdued personalities.

Even the institutional services are not on such a scale as to meet the requirements of the large and growing number of children and adolescents with psychological and behaviour problems. Only in a few States such as Bombay, Uttar Pradesh and Madras have anything like organized services in these directions been established.

The result has been that children without parental protection, emotionally and psychologically unadjusted children and destitute children on the one hand and adolescents in rebellion against social conventions and environmental conditions on the other become automatically a problem to be dealt with by the police and the law courts if they do not become vagrants or develop into anti-social elements. The police and the magistracy deal with them much as they deal with an ordinary criminal, so that, if prior to being taken under custody by the police they are delinquents only potentially, they become actual delinquents thereafter. The probation services and the special juvenile magistrates do attempt to instil a less rigid and more humane outlook into the treatment of these types, while social-welfare workers attempt to rehabilitate them socially by educating public opinion on the theory that no child or very few children are born criminals but that most of them are driven to crime by the denial of social protection.

The institutions or homes to which the juvenile delinquent is remanded pay less attention to the informative aspect than to the penal aspect during the period of domiciliary treatment, and, even if the former aspect is accorded due attention, the absence of follow-up services and the social stigma attached to the quondam inmate of a correctional institution is not easily obliterated. For children who in their formative years are victims of discordant and unhappy home conditions and parental neglect, child-guidance clinics and recreational and other facilities providing suitable outlets to their emotional urges and for satisfaction of their suppressed or wounded egos are necessary on an extensive scale. But again their number

is disproportionately small.

This disparity between the extent and the complexity of the problems of juvenile delinquency and the preventive and curative efforts to alleviate and remedy the situation is the conspicuous feature of the existing position in India. The relatively large bias towards institutional treatment as distinct from the treatment of the root causes and the realization of the need for family-welfare services, the relatively greater importance given to care services than to after-care services and the emphasis on temporary relief measures as against the need for permanent economic and social rehabilitation of juveniles cumulatively represent an attitude and a kind of thinking among the public and the State agencies concerned with the problem which are wholly unsatisfactory.

To remove these deficiencies in our social-welfare services it is necessary that a high priority should be accorded to the preventive, curative and rehabilitative measures for the benefit of adolescent delinquents. A judicious and effective combination of such measures, involving a substantial expansion of institutional services by establishing a large number of juvenile correctional and care institutions, the creation of a special police and magisterial organization for conducting juvenile cases and a considerable expansion of facilities for the training and rehabilitation, social and economic, of quondam delinquents is the need of the hour.

The softening of the effects of domestic disharmonies and amelioration of family environment, which is a vital aspect of the preventive steps necessary in this connection, is interlinked with the provision of larger and more comprehensive welfare services such as proper housing, education, facilities for recreation and entertainment of a healthy character with the welfare of the family and the community as the target.

Nevertheless, assuming that for some time to come the only avenues available for the care, protection, education and training of children who are victims of psychological and other maladjustments and poverty are juvenile institutions like remand homes and Borstal or certified schools, it follows that the number of such institutions should be considerably increased in the near future. It also follows that, as such children will have to be discharged from the institutions after a specified number of years and at a particular age, there should be agencies, institutions and services which can assume charge of them on discharge and provide the requisite after-care and rehabilitative services, such as training in crafts or trades and placing them in suitable jobs and employment. As a corollary, services should also be available to help in removing the social stigma that attaches to those who at any time have been inmates of correctional institutions.

Nothing wounds the ego of an adolescent willing to make terms with society more than a feeling that society does not trust his good faith.

Whether, for financial or other reasons, an adequate number of correctional and care as well as after-care and rehabilitative institutions are established or not, recognition of their need is spreading gratifyingly. For example, proposals have been framed by various State Governments for setting up more remand homes and certified and Borstal schools during the Third Plan period. After-care Homes, with co-operative production units attached to them, are being established in different States under the After-care scheme of the Central Social Welfare Board, of which economic rehabilitation of adolescents discharged from juvenile institutions forms an integral part.

The connecting link between institutional treatment and after-care services for juvenile delinquents are—or should be—the social-welfare workers, such as probation officers, case workers and child psychologists properly trained, and voluntary welfare workers. Adequate personnel for managing and staffing juvenile institutions and for employment in ancillary services can be made available only if training facilities for different cadres of workers at different levels are expanded. It is an inexplicable and distressing aspect of our developmental schemes in the economic as well as social spheres that while inadequacy and non-availability of trained personnel is deplored *ad nauseam,* a large number of such personnel in different fields remain unemployed and have to waste their talents for lack of opportunities for work. This paradoxical situation should receive serious consideration from the planning body and other organizations concerned with planning and implementation of welfare services. A large volume of voluntary effort, which remains untapped, can be mobilized for providing the social-welfare content of rehabilitation schemes for juvenile delinquents. While State grants to voluntary agencies should be liberally provided, the growth of mushroom agencies without roots in local support should be guarded against.

There has recently been much useful thinking on the need for, and the significance of, co-ordination of social-welfare services and their administration, which, it is hoped, will be reflected in the programmes for the welfare of juvenile delinquents. As these latter gather recruits mainly from neglected, orphaned and otherwise socially defenceless children, effective co-ordination among schemes for child welfare as such and schemes for care and rehabilitation of juveniles is clearly indicated.

C. V. H. Rao

SEAN O'CASEY IN DUBLIN

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** is well known to our readers, especially by his warm, sympathetic sketches of important figures in Irish life and letters. In this article he gives us interesting glimpses of the playwright Sean O'Casey. — ED.]

FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS the famous Irish dramatist who has interpreted the life of the Dublin tenements to the world has been a voluntary exile from his native city. Recently he celebrated his eightieth birthday. His first play, *The Shadow of a Gunman,* was presented at the Abbey Theatre in 1923 and made an immediate sensation. But in 1926, when *The Silver Tassie* was rejected by that theatre, he left Dublin and settled permanently in Britain.

My first meeting with O'Casey was in 1922, not long before his first play was presented. I had written an article calling for the release of Jim Larkin, the fiery Irish Labour leader who was then imprisoned in Sing Sing Gaol in America. We met in Delia Larkin's flat high up in Mountjoy Square, Dublin. Delia was Larkin's devoted sister and we were united in the desire to see Larkin released. O'Casey succeeded in getting the article published in an Irish journal.

I was just finishing my three-year term at Oxford and spoke of my intention to settle in Dublin, when I left college, in order to write. When I mentioned this to O'Casey he shook his head and laughed. "I've known dozens who left Dublin to write," he told me. "But I've never heard of anyone who came to Dublin as a writer!"

I had the optimism of youth. But looking back I must confess the prospects were pretty hopeless. The city looked shabby and shiftless. It had been smashed up in the national struggle and ruins were everywhere. And just then it was on the brink of civil war over the London treaty establishing the Free State. I stayed but, in a few years, O'Casey had joined the exiles.

When *The Shadow of a Gunman* was put on, the effect was electric. The Abbey had languished in the troubled years, but it now became a centre of living drama. The play was about the struggle which had involved not only the city but the whole country. A few nights before it was due to appear Yeats visited O'Casey, it was said, and told him he would have to change the original title because it had already been used. O'Casey was puzzled, but he happened to glance in the mirror and saw his reflection. So he christened the play *The Shadow of a Gunman.*

The principal character, Davoreen the poet, was based on O'Casey

himself. I knew the people on whom O'Casey modelled two of his characters. Mick Mullen, an unheroic character of the tenements, and Seamus McGowan, who, in the play, was killed after leaving a bag of explosives in a tenement room, not long before the police raided the place. Turning to facts, I know that O'Casey had shared lodgings with Mullen and that McGowan, who was a pedlar at the time, used to drop in and leave his bag. McGowan was actually a militant Citizen Army man who had much to do with explosives. He was not killed, as in O'Casey's play, but lived for many years and took a pride in being the model for the gunman. On the other hand Mullen always nursed a grudge against O'Casey because he portrayed him as a cowardly character, concerned only with saving his skin. Both these men had the racy Dublin speech and were excellent models.

O'Casey always went direct to life for the background of his plays. One morning, not long before the civil war broke, he took me along to the Fowler Hall, the headquarters of the Orange Lodge in Dublin, situated in Parnell Square. This was a bitterly Protestant and Unionist body originating in the North. By a stroke of poetic justice the building had been seized by the Republicans to house Belfast refugees driven out of the shipyards during the "pogroms" in that city. A great billowing tricolour hung from the upper window of the building as we stood on the steps of this mansion.

I waited expectantly on the steps as O'Casey knocked. He told me he knew the Commandant in charge. Nothing happened at first. A group of men drifted along the street. O'Casey hailed one as they passed,

"How are things going in your part of the country?" he asked.

"Terrible!" replied the man, shaking his head, dolefully, "All the cornerboys on both sides have got arms and nobody knows what will happen next."

"You know the remedy for that, don't you?" retorted O'Casey. "Join the army and get arms! In a properly constituted state every man should be in the army!"

While this cross talk was going on, I heard a sharp movement of the metal letter-box and saw that the shutter was lifted. Stooping level to the slit I looked in and saw a man's eye alongside what appeared to be a piece of gas pipe resting on the letter-box. Then I realized it was a man with a revolver.

By this time O'Casey was parleying through the letter-box and soon with a clanking of chains and an undoing of bolts a narrow gap opened, just big enough for us to squeeze through. In the hallway we saw an array of sandbags with a man lying behind them, holding a rifle. Stepping over

the bags we went upstairs to the main hall, where I talked to some of the refugees, mostly old men, women and children,

Heaps of bedding were curtained off roughly with blankets. On the walls were big, framed portraits of Queen Victoria, Lord Carson and other heroes of the Northern loyalists, gazing down with glassy-eyed disapproval. When I had finished writing in my notebook O'Casey informed me that the Commandant wanted me to promise that if I wrote anything about the place I would submit it to him first.

I was always suspicious of censorship and most hostile to military censorship.

"Why should I do that?" I demanded. "How can any of these pitiful stories be used against the garrison? Why should I agree to such a request?"

"That is all very well!" said O'Casey. "But the refugees are not the most important part of this establishment. They are only the camouflage. There is a store of ammunition in the basement. And they are expecting an attack any minute from the Free State forces. That is why it was so hard to get in."

After we had seen the interior of the Fowler Hall, O'Casey went with me to the "illegal" Sinn Fein court, a crowded room where cases were being tried. By this time no one attended the British "legal" courts. Lawyers bitterly opposed to the Republicans came to plead in these assemblies.

This mixture of belligerency, defiance, jocularity and tragedy was a common feature of Dublin life at that time, especially in these gaunt tenements which O'Casey knew so well. He drew on this inexhaustible well of incident, character and atmosphere when he came to write his early plays. His realism and fantasy, his biting and poetic phrases, made him a true voice of his native city in those years of stress.

R. M. Fox

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GNOSTICISM AND EARLY CHRISTIANITY *

UNTIL the present century there was still so much that was uncertain about Gnosticism that its significance could very easily be exaggerated, especially by the esoterically-minded. It was tempting to believe that the Gnostics were in possession of a secret wisdom, which can still only be revealed to the initiated. That view is no longer tenable, except by the credulous, since the discovery of the chief Gnostic documents, notably the large collection which was recovered in 1945 by a chance find at Nag-Hammadi in Egypt.

The main features of the Gnostic systems had long been known from the attacks upon them by the Church Fathers of the second to fifth centuries. These attacks were often bitter and sarcastic, but it is now evident that the writers were not ill-informed or guilty of deliberate falsification.

If illusions about Gnosticism ought not to be cherished, this should not mean any lessening of interest in its various manifestations or of sympathy with what they represented. With the added help of the Dead Sea Scrolls it now becomes possible to clarify a great deal that was previously obscure of a remarkable transition period in religious history, when Jewish and Christian ideas were making their impact upon, and themselves being affected by, the revision of traditional beliefs among the Mediterranean peoples.

Dr. Grant, in a book which furnishes a lucid account of the principal Gnostics and their systems, lays stress upon the contemporary causes of this development, the anxiety to find a new certainty about the universe and the meaning of life in the face of the breakdown of intellectual acceptance of the old mythologies and cosmologies. He makes the not entirely novel suggestion that a factor which played an important part in this rethinking was the failure of the Jewish Messianic and Eschatological anticipations arising from the disastrous revolts of the Jews against the Romans from 66 A.D. to 135 A.D. This led to an agonized reappraisal of the relationships between God and Man, between the spiritual and the material world. The question, already being asked as a result of Iranian theological influences, was now a matter of vital consequence, whether and in what way the universe and human destiny were governed dualistically by opposing spiritual Powers.

Orthodox Judaism and Christianity rejected Dualism, but the unorthodox flirted with it, and non-Jewish teachers in varying degrees accepted it, distinguishing the Unseen Father (the good God) from the Creator God, Demiurge, by some equated with Yahweh, and the planetary Archons.

For Gnostics the material world was evil, and they were temporarily enmeshed in it by their souls and bodies. Their *gnosis* was that they were spiritual beings, redeemed from this world and reascending to that from which they came.

> The Gnostic is a Gnostic because he knows, by revelation, who his true self is. Other religions are in varying measure God-centred. The Gnostic is self-centred. He is concerned with mythological details about the origin of the universe and of mankind, but only be-

* *Gnosticism and Early Christianity*. By R. M. GRANT. (Columbia University Press, New York; Oxford University Press, London. ix + 227 pp. 1959. 31*s*. 6*d*.)

cause they express and illuminate his understanding of himself.

Dr. Grant's book consists of a series of six lectures (revised and with useful source notes), and in this form it is a valuable guide to the reader who is not a specialist. But the character of the work prevents the author's elaborating on some of his themes, and he would appear to have insufficient acquaintance with the Jewish records. He does not employ the Jewish-Gnostic source material in the Talmudic tractate *Chagigah*. Neither, when he is dealing with Genesis and the Angelic Powers, does he introduce the comparable themes of Jewish occultism, *Maaseh Bereshith* and *Maaseh Merqaba*, the Lore of Creation and the Lore of the Heavenly Chariot (in Ezekiel). As regards the famous Simon Magus, the "Standing One," he does not use the Talmudic references to Ben Stada, who brought magic out of Egypt, and he gives no information about the Jewish Gnostic Elisha ben Abuyah. The subject of Gnosticism and magic is touched upon only incidentally, and without consideration of the Babylonian magical bowls and the Great Magical Papyrus in the National Library of Paris.

These omissions indicate that a much more extensive treatment of Gnosticism is needed in the light of old and new information. Its origins also require more exact investigation, especially those Jewish and Judaeo-Christian documents which point back to beginnings in the last quarter of the first century B.C.

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

The Soma Hymns of the Ṛgveda: A Fresh Interpretation. Part II (*ṚV.*, 9 16-50). By S. S. BHAVE. (Oriental Institute, Baroda. ix+152 pp. 1960. Rs. 5.50)

For over a century much research material has accumulated in the field of Vedic studies, thanks to the labours of Western and Indian scholars. The task of utilizing all this material and arriving at a fresh interpretation of the *Ṛgveda* is now before the Vedists of today; and it is very gratifying to note that scholars like Professor H. D. Velankar and Dr. Bhave are making worthy efforts to give us critical and authoritative translations of as well as commentaries on select *Ṛgvedic* hymns.

It redounds to the credit of the learned author that he has utilized the results of Western scholarship up to date and succeeds often in suggesting new lines of approach. His method is a judicious combination of modern philological research on the one hand and Pāṇini's account of Vedic grammar on the other. The latter supplies him a sure ground to review Sāyaṇa as well as modern interpreters of the Veda.

The translations of the hymns are followed by detailed exegetical notes which will be read with interest by all and which will prove a boon to those who do not know German and French. One wonders, however, why there are no references in the work to Indian Vedists like Dr. A. Venkatasubbiah and why the explanations in Sanskrit on 9.16 by Pandit M. V. Upadhyaya should often differ from that of Dr. Bhave.

Some of the words well explained in the light of Pāṇini are: *pravátaḥ* (p 29ff.), *abhiṣṭikṛt* (p. 104), *avīvaśan* (p. 24). Whether a given usage is not a grammatical irregularity is difficult to decide, though. Some original suggestions like that equating *sūryasya duhitā* with "the genius of poetry" (p. 32) and *veṇá* with "beloved son" (p. 22) may not win universal acceptance. The grounds for some other interpretations are not clear.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Hellenism: The History of a Civilization. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, No. 238. Oxford University Press, London. ix+255 pp. Maps. 1959. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

It is forty-five years since this book was commissioned and in the meantime its author has blossomed into a universal historian of the rise and fall of civilizations. Naturally he refuses to define Hellenism in terms of race or even language. Hellenism, as he sees it, rose out of barbarism about 1100 B.C. and succumbed to Christianity about 700 A.D., and in geographical extent it stretched as far as Alexander's conquests in the East and the Roman Empire in the West. Its spiritual content is what gives it its character and this is defined as "the most whole-hearted and uncompromising practice of man-worship on record to date."

There is a certain excitement, even majesty, in such a sweeping treatment of the theme. The author's erudition sometimes trammels him. In a volume that suffers from lack of elbow-room it is irritating to find a good deal of space devoted to Peru because its climate resembles that of the Aegean basin. But where the character of a civilization is the theme we must expect comparisons with Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Mithraism, Judaism; and the internal history gains by the breadth of vision. Its strength lies in its penetrating glances into the nature of successive phases of Hellenic culture: the rise of the city-state bringing emancipation from tribal bondage; the revolution of the sixth century, rescuing the city-state from economic isolation; the final failure to achieve a corresponding political unity.

But there are weaknesses too. The failure to understand the extent and originality of Greek technology turns the chapter on the physical environment into a piece of geographical determinism. It was not their environment but their mastery of it that made the Greeks. The role of astrology is underestimated. Finally, and above all, the central analysis of the character of the civilization does not carry full conviction. Whole-hearted and uncompromising man-worship? Why, the Greeks would not even call their highest thought "wisdom," which belongs to God, but "love of wisdom," which alone befits men. The rich bibliography might also be improved. Among the moderns the name of Singer for technology and Cumont for religion and astrology should find a place. If it had not been thought necessary to enumerate the separate titles of all Aristotle's works, room could have been found among the ancients for the names of Lucretius and Cicero or even Virgil. Livy and Cato are included, the sole representatives of the contribution of Rome to Hellenism!

BENJAMIN FARRINGTON

The Philosophy of Whitehead. By W. MAYS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 259 pp. 1959. 25*s*.)

> Whitehead was not putting forward a Platonic realism, but was rather applying certain concepts from symbolic logic, for example, the concept of the propositional function and the variable, to elucidate the structure of experience. (p. 74)

This judgment Mr. Mays supports by a scholarly study of Whitehead's philosophy of organisms, divided into two parts, the first dealing with its logical or structural side, the second with its physical-experiential side; throughout he takes great care (greater, one suspects, than did Whitehead himself) to harmonize the philosopher's scattered and chronologically widely separated utterances.

Without a knowledge of modern physics, mathematics, cybernetics and symbolic logic the reader will find this admittedly "very condensed" commen-

tary little more intelligible than the text. But with such a knowledge it will help him to understand Whitehead better, as far, at any rate, as he can be understood from the point of view of those disciplines.

All that Mr. Mays tells us is, no doubt, true. But it is not the whole truth. A philosophy which is a metaphysical system is an attempt to tidy up the universe, and because this is an impossible, though a vitally necessary, attempt, it ends up in a mess. The commentary on it is generally an attempt to tidy up the philosophy — by neglecting or covering up the mess. But it is precisely the mess — the loose ends, the contradictions and *non-sequiturs,* the fusions, confusions and fallacies — that is of value, because it contains all the creativity, the effort to transcend the obvious and commonplace, and so the stimulus for the next vitally necessary, though impossible, attempt.

This applies to a great philosophy (*e.g.,* Plato's or Aristotle's). But is Whitehead a great philosopher or is he rather something of a charlatan (unconscious, no doubt) using language illegitimately to invest himself with a semblance of Delphic pregnancy through Delphic obscurity? (What, for example, is the point of his hierophantic talk about God, if, as we are told on p. 60, God merely $= R (x_1 \ldots x_2 \ldots x_n)$?). This is the puzzle about Whitehead as a whole, for which, however, this commentary provides no solution, since, though it does not neglect or cover up the mess, it does not evaluate it, but merely breaks it up, into its constituent minor puzzles (*e.g.,* the attempt to bridge the gap between matter and mind or to make physical descriptions and descriptions of experience isomorphic.) But then, Mr. Mays is writing for readers for whom metaphysical philosophy requires, not to be evaluated, but only to be apologized for. He provides the apology by pointing to Whiteheadian influence on or kinship with Gestalt psychology, cybernetics and logico-mathematical methods in philosophy, and expressing some hope in his emphasis on the dynamic character of mind and nature (pp. 237-8).

PHILIP LEON

Pictorial History of Philosophy. By D. D. RUNES. (Philosophical Library, New York. x+406 pp. 1959. $15.00)

This book marks a new venture embarked upon in the hope that "this personal touch of seeing the faces and some of the milieus of the philosophers, will stimulate study of their writings." Philosophy as conceived here has nothing to do with scientific methodology or with social, political or theological problems but only with treading the road to inner freedom. Acceptance of this meaning of the term leads the author to include many names which ordinarily would not, strictly, find a place in a history of philosophy. Prophets, literary writers, theologians, men of science and psychologists are all brought together — thereby blurring the boundary lines of philosophy and leaving one at the end with a certain sense of bewilderment. The initial standpoint, *viz.,* that philosophy is ethics and has to do with the "Inner Conscience" that sees man as a mere form in an infinite ocean of Being, naturally results in shifting the emphasis from its intellectual content and in seeing it as a way to live rather than as an attempt primarily to understand and interpret reality, which, to our mind, it ought to be.

The procession of pictures, very interesting in itself, does not, however, give much idea of the philosophies themselves. Even important philosophers, *e.g.,* Kant, get no more than two small paragraphs, biography and all else in-

cluded. Even if the purpose is to excite the appetite for more, one feels, these *hors-d'œuvres* may fail to achieve it. What can one learn, say, about Indian philosophy from the excellent pictures and a few paragraphs that go with them?

We may compare this with another similar publication, Bertrand Russell's *Wisdom of the West*. They differ in their views regarding the subject-matter as well as their treatment of it. By comparison, Dr. Runes's book offers little solid to bite on, though I must add, in fairness, that its sweep is much wider. What we have here is a feast for the eye and its preparation must have meant to the author an enormous labour of love.

A. K. JIANDANI

What is Wisdom? By CYRIL UPTON. (Linden Press, London. 147 pp. 1959. 16*s*.)

This book is instructive. The author, learned in philosophy, poetry, science, art and the history of religion, and having observed the world in his travels, has come to be in possession of an insight into the nature of an *experience* which, alone, gives or ought to give man the authority to live his life. The aim of the book is to discuss the world's oldest question in the light of the contemporary bewilderment. Mr. Cyril Upton feels that even if civilization survives destruction, it is threatening to be engulfed by a materialism from East and West: the dialectic of philosophers, the assurances of theologians, the scientific rationalism and humanism of our era are of no avail. Man's intuition rejects them; it rejects also the "ignorance is bliss" philosophy of resignation. The human spirit marches on, on its pilgrim's path, mystified by its surroundings, but in quest of truth, and so Mr. Cyril Upton affirms that "to seek after absolute wisdom is a purposeful activity and a manifestation of the evolutionary urge."

In discussing science and mysticism Mr. Cyril Upton observes:—

> The major torment of the cosmologist is his complete ignorance of the "First Cause" which distributed matter in space as we now perceive it, and of its ultimate destination. This torment is unknown to those who have known, if only momentarily, the mystic experience. To one who has felt, however fleetingly, the sense of infinity and eternity which accompanies the mystic experience — and such people exist and have always existed, however incapable the Scientific Humanists may be of believing it — the idea of a beginning and an eventual end, far from being imperative, seems illusory. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in observing the eternal mutability which the universe appears to present to our limited perception, the many theories evolved in the endeavour to explain that mutability should, themselves, display mutable qualities.

N. A. NIKAM

Man: Divine or Social. By ARTHUR GUIRDHAM. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. viii+230 pp. 1960. 27*s*. 6*d*.)

"The great weakness of the scientific outlook is its distrust of practical, working generalizations and its preference for rigid systems based on scientifically verifiable but restrictive data." The quotation gives the clue to the understanding of the book. The author is a distinguished consultant in psychiatry. The substance of this book, as of earlier writings, is derived from practical experience and observation in the course of professional work, *i.e.*, working generalizations derived from a whole approach to the whole man. Thus, Dr. Guirdham aims at demonstrating, by the inductive method, not merely that there are religious factors in psychology but that within each man there is the capacity for religious experience. The argument turns on the contention that behind behaviour there lies something more

basic and primary than instincts. There are what he calls the *Cosmic* and the *Herd-Personality* urges. The former is innate and, as enabling contact with God, religious. The latter arises from the individual's sense of apartness. Man must choose between God and the Herd. The whole approach to psychology, worked out in varied and interesting detail, is informed with the spirit of religion. It is claimed, with some justice, that the book contains the raw material for a specific approach to religious experience.

> What I have aimed to demonstrate is that our ordinary human psychology includes an immense potential capacity for religious experience. I have shown that life itself is innately spiritual and that the *Cosmic Urge* ... is a religious force.... Most important of all, I have demonstrated that throughout life there are at our disposal psychological mechanisms which enable us to attain to higher planes of being.

Dr. Guirdham, however, is at pains not to approach his theme from the standpoint of any particular religion. The tremendous assumption that there can be "religion" as such is never examined. The weakness implicit here is apparent early in the book where it is assumed that "rebirth" in Christianity, Hinduism and Buddhism means the same thing.

We note with interest that the author proposes, in a later work, to develop the practical implications of what is here discussed.

MARCUS WARD

The Balanced Life: An Essay in Ethics. By HANS FREUND. (Philosophical Library, New York. 186 pp. 1959. $4.50)

On p. 71 of this book the author quotes the following passage from Epicurus:—

> Vain is the word of a philosopher which does not heal any suffering of man. For just as there is no profit in medicine if it does not expel the diseases of the body, so there is no profit in philosophy either, if it does not expel the suffering of the mind.

Our author has brought out a book which does expel the suffering of the mind — the chief malady of the mind, which is "imbalance." As the subtitle of the book indicates, it is "An Essay in Ethics." The book aims at explaining what the good life consists in and how it can be attained. Consequently, it is a work, not merely of theoretical importance, but of considerable value for the conduct of life. Morality is defined by the author, after Aristotle, as that form of life which is marked by the excellence of man *qua* man. The moral life is the good life worthy of man. The author conceives of the good life as a life in which all of man's basic desires are harmoniously satisfied and man is not torn and tormented by inner conflicts. A good and happy life is a balanced and integrated life.

There are six basic desires in man, according to the author. Three of these come under the head of "self-centred desires" and the other three under the head of "world-centred desires." The former are: (1) recreative desires, *i.e.*, desires for relaxation, entertainment, health, etc.; (2) material-security desires, *i.e.*, desires for money, property, etc.; and (3) social-recognition desires, such as desire for a certain status in society. Under the latter head come: (1) creative desires, *i.e.*, desires for intellectual contribution, acquisition of knowledge, artistic creation, etc.; (2) fellowship desires, such as those fulfilled in the family, etc.; and (3) religious desires or desires for communion with God or the Absolute. Not to give priority and precedence to the self-centred desires over the world-centred desires, but to maintain the proper balance between them, is, according to our author, the task and the mark of the good life.

The six basic desires give us the six basic values of life, distinguishable, according to the author, as "intermediary" values or values which are means to ends and "final" values or values which are ends in themselves. The self-centred values are "intermediary," while the world-centred values are "final." Though both are necessary ingredients of the good life, the three world-centred values constitute the inner core of human goodness, whereas the self-centred values represent its outer shell.

In the latter half of the book, the author passes in review the three major ethical systems of the Western world: Hedonism, the Greek ethics of Perfectionism and the Judaeo-Christian ethics. The last of the three is commended as the best exponent of the good life in all its completeness. Hedonism, by extolling pleasure over everything else, leaves the balance in favour of the self-centred desires. The Greek ethics put an exclusive emphasis on the *arête* of the mind or creativeness. The Christian ethics become the exponent of the fullest ideal of the good life by laying as much emphasis on fellowship and communion with God as on those with man. The reviewer feels that the book would have gained in up-to-dateness if the author had also reviewed some of the contemporary currents of ethical thought such as those to be found in the modern schools of positivism and existentialism. But this omission does not destroy the usefulness of the book so far as it goes.

In the last chapter of the book the author makes very thoughtful observations on the role of education in the promotion of the good life and on the necessity of moral and religious education. The reviewer wholeheartedly agrees with the author that it is chiefly through the agency of an education of the right type that we can succeed in removing the imbalance and disintegration that disfigure the personality of the modern man.

To conclude: *The Balanced Life* is a good book on the good life and deserves to find a place on the shelf of every lover of good books. The printing is neat and the production excellent.

S. N. L. Shrivastava

Human Potentialities. By Gardner Murphy. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. x+340 pp. 1960. 25*s*.)

After stating that the bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki "were toys compared with those now ready to be dropped at a moment's notice on the great cities of the world," Dr. Murphy proceeds, with heroic optimism, to develop his theme showing how mankind can, by its own free choices, control its own destiny and that of countless generations to come.

The author, who has contributed as a writer, scholar and teacher in many fields of psychological study, and who was for many years Chairman of the Psychology Department of the College of the City of New York, is now Director of Research at the Menninger Foundation. Thus he is entitled to our careful attention, and, no doubt, many advanced study groups would find a critical consideration of this volume rewarding and inspiring.

The main aim of this book is to develop an understanding of human nature, as such, from its earliest development, so leading us to look forward to the possibilities of the human nature of the future. The matter of greatest interest, many may agree, is the author's belief that human nature is not a separate entity, but "our way of being one with our fellows and our world." Another point of interest, particularly coming from an American citizen, is his appreciation of Asian philosophies and values.

Thus, he states:—

> ...in many of the great Asian civilizations this intense preoccupation with personal worth is less easily found... the thing to do is to fulfil the obligations of the social position which one inherits, not to become competitively or pre-eminently worthy in one's own personal right.

Finally, there is a helpful and interesting Bibliography to encourage wider reading and an admirable Index.

ELIZABETH CROSS

GANDHIJI'S *Correspondence with the Government, 1944-47.* (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xlviii+375 pp. 1959. Rs. 6.00)

This is a sequel to a previous publication, *Correspondence with the Government, 1942-44,* and is a vivid and living record of history in the making in India during 1944-47. This period is characterized by Shri Pyarelal in his foreword to the book as "the stormiest period in Gandhiji's life and a crucial one in India's history." The correspondence here published is exclusively with the representatives of the British Government. Shri Pyarelal's illuminating introduction to the volume strings together the incidents bearing on the correspondence in a continuous narrative. It gives the necessary perspective to the reader in wading through the mass of correspondence.

Gandhiji's letter to the Viceroy, dated July 27th, 1944, contains the following sentences, which strike the keynote of sweet reasonableness permeating his entire correspondence from start to finish, though the letters were written in circumstances of great stress. These sentences written to Lord Wavell are remarkable as revealing Gandhiji's gift for negotiation and persuasion, free from wrath and rancour: "I am used to work in the face of disappointment" and "I shall continue to knock so long as there is the least hope of an honourable settlement." These sentences may be taken to be the golden thread which strings together all the different beads of letters that he wrote to Governmental authorities about problems ranging from mass civil disobedience to employment of child labour in mica factories.

In his inimitably puckish letter to Winston Churchill, dated July 17th, 1944, Gandhiji referred to his being called a "Naked Fakir" as Churchill was said to have described him: "I have been long trying to be a fakir and that, naked — a more difficult task."

The unfailing human touch of Gandhiji makes even the formal political correspondence a thing of charm and beauty. The volume of correspondence is best read as a companion to Shri Pyarelal's *The Last Phase.*

This book makes exciting reading and, like its predecessor, is of incalculable value to the future historian of India, who will have to reckon with the events narrated here. It makes a faithful record of all that happened in India's political history during the eventful years 1944-47.

M. YAMUNACHARYA

Gopal Krishna Gokhale. By T. V. PARVATE. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. ix+484 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.00)

"Like the endless meaning in the narrow span of a song" — a line from Tagore's *Chitra* — best expresses the life and work of Gopal Krishna Gokhale. Gokhale lived for only forty-nine years. Within that narrow span of life he crowded services, of great range and intensity, which have an endless meaning. Shri T. V Parvate, who did a good service by writing the biography of Bal Gangadhar Tilak, has rendered

another good one by his biography of Gokhale. The two heroes were the centres of great, and often acrimonious, controversies in their time. Shri Parvate has written about both with commendable objectivity and deserves congratulations.

Gokhale's greatness of character came out best in the Apology Incident. He was attacked virulently by a section of Indians who accused him of having humiliated India. Some eminent British and Indian friends stood by him in the darkest hour of his public life and assured him that he had acted as a perfect gentleman. In a letter to an intimate friend, Gokhale revealed the anguish of his soul as well as his heroic philosophy:—

> Obloquy, such as I am resting under, is to a sensitive mind the hardest thing in the world to bear and it is made even more unbearable than it would otherwise be by the knowledge that it is causing distress of mind to relatives and friends. For myself, I am bearing the blow with composure . . . and confident that justice may be done to me one day. . . .Moreover, remember, that the best part of our nature is manifested not when we enjoy but when we endure. There is sublimity and moral elevation in undeserved suffering which nothing can equal and which is almost its reward.

In resuming his public work after the incident, Gokhale said:—

> All that is necessary for me to do is to go on doing my duty, whether it be sunshine or shade. Public duties, undertaken at the bidding of no man, cannot be laid down at the desire of anyone. . . . One is always glad of the approbation of the public of what one has done. . . . In this country it constitutes the only reward in public life. But it is not the highest purpose of existence, nor nearly the highest. "If it comes," to use the words of Herbert Spencer, "well; if not, well also, though not so well."

Mahatma Gandhi appropriately characterized him as "Gokhale the Good," and said, "Gokhale's career served me as an ideal. I installed him in my heart of hearts as my teacher in politics."

P. KODANDA RAO

C. P. Snow. By WILLIAM COOPER. (Longmans, Green and Co., London. 39 pp. 1959. 2*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, Bombay.

A recent addition to the popular "Writers and Their Work" series sponsored jointly by the British Council and the National Book League, Mr. William Cooper's *C. P. Snow* mixes in the right proportion information, comment and criticism. Sir Charles Snow is a scientist who has turned scientific administrator and popular novelist. He has even tried, in his Rede Lecture, to play the prophet, though his effort has also been condemned as "a handy illustration of present-day scientific bigotry and conceit." His main reputation, however, rests on his Lewis Eliot novels, eight of which have appeared so far. He is supposed to have brought to this series "techniques like those of a scientist." The time-range is 1914-54, and the social range is middle class, with a decisive academic (especially Cambridge) bulge in some of the novels. Of the eight novels, two (*Time of Hope* and *Homecomings*) are novels of Lewis Eliot's "direct experience," the rest, of his "observed experience"; and these unequal groups are so balanced that there somehow results "a resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels." The general is particularized, and what happens to others happens to oneself also; it is the way of all flesh.

Sir Charles had begun his career with research papers on molecular structure. It is natural that, as a novelist, he should turn to the structure of society and the forces that keep it alive. But human beings are not just atoms, and the laws of physics do not quite comprehend the imponderables of human life, the obscure infinitudes of

the human heart. For a serious novelist, scientific acumen and industry are not enough. That Sir Charles's novels are well constructed and that they read well enough may be readily admitted. In a novel like *The Masters*, a mere storm in a teacup — the election of a new Master of a College in Cambridge — is evoked with a multiplicity of detail and a feeling for atmosphere; and the defeated Dr. Jago lingers in one's memory. But, competent though he is, it will not do to mention in the same breath Sir Charles and Dostoevky or Proust. Sir Charles is a painstaking novelist who can adroitly skim the social and psychological surfaces of his characters. But there is no triumphant art here, he is no great stylist and he is no prophet.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Varṇaka-Samuchchaya. Part II. By B. J. Sandesara and R. N. Mehta. Gujarati. (M.S. University of Baroda's Oriental Institute, Baroda. 255 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.25)

This No. 8 of Old Gujarati Books Series of M.S. University of Baroda is the second volume comprising systematic, alphabetically arranged notes and indices, intended to complete the study of the eleven texts of the *varṇaka* type published three years ago. The first volume containing the texts was reviewed at the time in these columns The present one gives two more texts, dealing with dresses and ornaments, and also the missing and, therefore, hitherto unpublished leaf of *"Sabhā Shringār"* made available from Shri Nahta's collection. Taking the two volumes together, we have here a unique opportunity to study the various aspects of Indian culture and linguistics between the fifteenth (in a sense, the eleventh) and the eighteenth centuries — unique, because, barring Dr. S. K. Chatterji's *Varna Ratnakar* in Maithili, of the fourteenth century, we have no such published material in the country.

Rightly, the editors, prescribing limits to their task, have remained objective and factual, and not rarely are even tentative. But, however useful to scholars as a book of reference, an enumerative account does not quite satisfy the general reader or a scholastic beginner. Towards the end of each introductory note we do find some general observations. But it would not be too much to expect Dr. Sandesara with his lively pen to bring out a regular book of social history, incorporating the extracts from other sources that he has withheld and showing how worldly things or culinary and other useful arts were cultivated and even enjoyed with enthusiasm and how religion provided the framework of a general outlook. For the *varṇakas* were practical aids to the cultivation of the rhetorical art of elocution employed in religious preaching.

Vrajrai Desai

Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi's Scrap Book, Parts 1 and 2. Edited by Kantilal C. Pandya *et al.* (N. M. Tripathi, Private Ltd., Bombay. Part I: xx+276 pp. Part II: xxv+319 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00 each)

Govardhanram Tripathi's epic novel *Saraswatichandra* has been a household word in the whole of Gujarat since its first volume was published in 1887. It took fifteen years for the author to complete all its four volumes, and in them he has given a complete picture of life as he envisaged it in all its manifold aspects. In spite of everything that has happened during the

last sixty years, that novel reigns supreme as a great work in the realm of Gujarati letters. It is well, therefore, that the present set of volumes is published, so that students of the master can have a peep into the inner life, motivations, ideas, ideologies and thought-processes that made possible the creation of the great novel and other works by Govardhanram.

The author rightly calls the MS. of these volumes "Scrap Book." It is not a diary; it is not a correlated, regularly maintained account of anything and everything that the author thought about and felt; it is a collection of stray scraps of thought which the author poured into these books because he had "no friend to talk to" except himself. He himself writes:—

> What is the meaning of writing and writing and writing in such books? Hereby I sometimes note down my conclusions to prevent their loss; sometimes I make myself exact thereby; at other times I ease my heart by pouring it on paper. I have no friend to talk to except myself. (July 10th, 1891)

It is only through these scraps that we can know about the intensive and extensive, moral and practical, struggles that he had to wage before he took the final step of renouncing a lucrative practice at the Bombay Bar to turn to a life of contemplation and literary effort at the comparatively young age of forty-three. It is only through these pages that we can have a peep into the lives of all those near and dear to him, whom he so intensely loved and whose faults he could nevertheless see and analyze with the expert eye of a lawyer and a man of letters, and it is only through the pages of these volumes that we can feel the inner goodness and intrinsic greatness of a man who is so humble even in the privacy of the pages of a secret scrapbook.

The style is heavy and the language stilted at many places. The natural flow and rhythm of language emanating from the pen of a great writer are not to be found in these books and many times one feels that the author has been inadequately translating his thoughts into a foreign tongue, which does not lend him its idiom or its verve. But then he did not mean these books to be published. He wrote them "to talk to himself." And it is very well that he did talk to himself, because it was a very noble self and besides representing his own individual self it represented the best and noblest in the personality of the Gujarat of his time.

GULABDAS BROKER

Sahitya-Vimarsha. By RAMNARAYAN V. PATHAK. Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. 376 pp. 2nd Edition 1959. Rs. 3.50)

The late Ramnarayan V. Pathak (1887-1955) was an eminent Gujarati scholar and teacher. *Sahitya-Vimarsha* is a collection of his critical essays. A great part of it consists of reviews; there is a long critical essay on *Rai-no-Parvat,* an outstanding Gujarati drama by Ramanbhai Nilkanth; and there are discursive essays on literary problems such as the relation of literature and life, the value of tradition, the function of criticism and the art of the short story. While all the reviews are estimable for their insight and understanding, the discursive essays are remarkable for a dispassionate examination of some fundamental literary issues, and the learning and clear thinking that the author brings to bear upon them. Between Indian and Western thought he has a preference for the Indian approach. While admitting that poetry is a value in itself, art according to Professor Pathak cannot be a substitute for life. There is, for instance, nothing like vicarious heroism. In fact the man who

passes the heroic in life by has a poorer relish of the heroic sentiment in literature. Again, when the moral value of a literary piece is called in question, the point to be examined is whether the piece does not suffer in *art* and *beauty* because there is an immoral significance. Professor Pathak also tries to correct wrong notions about idealism and realism. He holds that realism defeats its own purpose by a wilful selection of the sordid, whereas the idealist cannot afford to ignore the real altogether. On the question of the creativity of criticism, he is somewhat orthodox. In so far as criticism reveals a reconstruction of the author's conception and expresses the reaction of the spirit of the critic as a single intuition, it may be regarded, I think, as creative literature.

The reviews deal with the works of Ramanlal Desai, Dhumketu, Munshi, Kalelkar, Mashruwala, Gandhiji and others. Professor Pathak's approach in every case is marked by ease, sensibility and justness; and his prose style is simple, elegant and conversational.

V. R. TRIVEDI

A Grammar of Indian Planning. By S. AMBIRAJAN. (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. xiii+200 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00)

This is a small handbook, giving a useful and concise account of Indian planning, supported by charts and statistics. The possibilities and limitations of democratic planning, factors of economic development, the two Five-Year Plans, and the evils of planning from above are discussed in the light of Aldous Huxley's criterion that the plan should transform society into a just, peaceable, morally and intellectually progressive community of non-attached and responsible men and women.

Planning is neither daydreaming nor an invitation to dictatorship. It should be democratic planning, which should not need, as dictatorship does, to bolster up its fading prestige with claims of sensational planning triumphs. "There should be," in the words of Barbara Wootten, "a happy and fruitful marriage between freedom and planning," wherein liberty is not stifled by the habit of authority. Besides, planning should be by stages. "A thundering success is not needed in our planning endeavour" and the goal cannot be reached in one quick jump.

Co-operation will have to take the place of coercion, accommodation will have to forestall expropriation and neither the needs of the nation nor the life-giving freedoms of the individual and the citizen will need to be sacrificed; for history gives the warning that "a dictated sacrifice and an imposed cast-iron plan are likely to build only an impressive cemetery."

The book represents the researches of a scholar and is therefore wholly without the bias of an advocate. There is much that is suggestive and cogent in the course of the argument. It impresses the reader as being inspired by a wide range of contacts and of reading.

M. V. KRISHNA RAO

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of the impressive personal qualities and work of Jian Giono, the pastoral poet, author of *The Song of the World* and *Lovers Are Never Losers*.—ED.]

JIAN GIONO, the pastoral poet, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He sings the "song of the world" — of the daily doings of humble, unknown peasants. How many people have read the works of the sylvan sage? Giono would hate to be called wise; he is a "peasant-anarchist," a positive, creative artist. He loves life — every minute of it. He even found his life in prison during the first World War real fun. It excited him as a new journey or voyage might excite someone.

Today, when everyone speaks about abolishing bombs, people would sympathize with Giono's genuine pacifism; but, when in *Refusal to Obey* he spoke out manfully against war, against conscription, his diatribes did not make him very popular in France. There is a glorious passage in *Blue Boy* which would have appealed to Tolstoy and Gandhiji:—

> They are always talking about God, when the only product of his good workmanship, the only thing that is godlike, the life that he alone can create in spite of all your science of bespectacled idiots, that life you destroy in an infamous mortar of slime and split, with the blessing of all your churches. What logic!

Indeed, Giono has no great confidence in man. According to him man has not progressed a millimetre since the age of the savages. Take any civilized society and put its members in a great passion, and you will see them behave like the beasts of the jungle. Even Christianity, Giono holds, has brought nothing except a kind of hypocrisy.

There has been no progress ever since the artisan became a proletarian. That was a step backwards. One day the process will be reversed; for factory workers will once again return to become artisans, only to be ennobled. Goethe once said that man will become cleverer, more acute, but not happier.

Giono does not want to be a crusader, to be "good and helpful." There is a passage in *Blue Boy* which is autobiographical. "Where I made a mistake," said Giono's father to him, "was when I wanted to be good and helpful." All Giono has to say comes out beautifully in *The Song of the World* and *Lovers Are Never Losers*.

Always, Giono has refined his fingertips, the points of contact with the world. The music of his words is for ever being ripened, for in him the music and the instruments are one, since Giono has become a writer who has raised listening to such an art that we follow his melodies as if we had written them ourselves. He deals "in galaxies and constellations." I cannot find a single vulgar passage in all the books of Giono I have read. In a way good French literature is generally innocent of vulgarity.

Does Giono merely write a legend and not a story of our time? No, Giono belongs to the world of man and nature. There is something Oriental about him in that he does not separate man from nature; rather he makes the human family a part of nature. There is suffering and punishment because of the operation of divine law through nature. Giono's world is an understandable world; he recognizes all sorts of contradictions in human nature. One cannot or should not read Giono except in small doses or when one is miles away from the infernal bustle of the city. Giono, the Manosque, is as open as the spaces; that is why he cannot live in the cities for all the intellectual life

they afford.

Giono is a rare universal figure, rare in France, rare anywhere. He cannot be said to belong to France; he is too big for that and too unconfined. "Be what thou art, only be it to the utmost." That is his message. But that is not easy. I recall with awe what Paul Valéry said in *L'ame et la Danse*:—

> The Universe cannot endure for a single instant to be only what it is. It is strange to think that that which is the Whole cannot suffice itself!... Its terror of being what it is has induced it to create and paint to itself thousands of masks; there is no other reason for the existence of mortals. What are mortals for? Their business is *to know*. Know? And what is *to know? It is assuredly not to be what one is.*

Yes, many illumined beings have *known* and *experienced* and many more will come to know today, tomorrow or the day after.

BALDOON DHINGRA

A CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

DEATH in the gas chamber was the end prescribed by the State of California for Caryl Chessman. The death sentence was for the principal charge of robbery and sexual assault (technically "kidnapping" in Californian law) and he met his end on May 2nd, 1960. In the past twelve years, however, he was able to appeal and postpone the sentence eight times. He had also taught himself shorthand and law, and even wrote four novels. Better still, he came to have a striking knowledge of the concepts of crime and punishment. He had matured. In his letter to Will Stevens of the *San Francisco Examiner*, written on his last night on earth and published in *The New York Post* of May 3rd, he mentions:—

> ...I did want to live. I believed passionately that I could make a meaningful contribution to both literature and my society with my writings.
>
> ...We must learn to forego hatred and vengeance, for these breed a milieu that makes a rational or humane approach to the problem of what society can and should do about the man who has turned violently against his fellows — and himself — impossible.

A chance to lead a righteous and useful life was denied to him. Hence, nothing has been accomplished through his violent end by "retributive justice." The front-page article, "A Barbarous Form of Punishment," in the *New York Herald Tribune* dated May 3rd, rightly states:—

> Californians are no safer today than before Chessman died, and respect for law — which is different from fear of its power — is no stronger.
>
> The law should inculcate respect for life by itself respecting the sanctity of life.

The same editorial rightly points out that Chessman's innocence or guilt is not the major issue: it is the useless cruelty of capital punishment as such and its finality, so unsuited to a fallible human system of justice.

M. C.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Kalinga Prize, founded by Shri B. Patnaik, a leading industrialist of Orissa, and offered annually by the Kalinga Foundation in India for the popularization of science, was awarded this year to M. Jean Rostand. It has in the past seven years gone to such distinguished recipients as Louis de Broglie, Julian Huxley, Waldemar Kaempffert, Augusto Pi-Suner, George Gamow, Bertrand Russell and Karl Frisch. M. Rostand, son of the French playwright, Edmond Rostand, is a member of the Académie Française and known throughout the world for his research on heredity and genetics. In his own words, he has propagated and popularized biology by every means in his power and helped in acquainting the French public with

> those fundamental concepts which emerge from a study of the sciences of life — concepts which henceforward are part and parcel of that positive humanism which one must possess if one claims to have solid and concrete ideas on anything in any way related to man.

He has written more than forty books on his special subject of research and on scientific thought, philosophy and pure science.

At the special function held at Unesco House, Paris, to award him the Prize, M. Rostand spoke of the outdatedness of Renan's aristocratic concept that the uncultivated multitude should become the ward of a handful of the "informed." In the present day, when science had intruded into the lives of men whether they desired it or not, it was not advisable, it was not possible, to fence in knowledge as the preserve of the few. "All men are entitled to the truth, and Truth is entitled to reach us." Quoting Father Gratry, he emphasized that today "the presentation of the sciences in popular language is one of the most urgent intellectual duties of the friends of mankind."

Enumerating the various reasons for popularizing science, he said, the true and specific one was purely and simply

> to introduce the greatest number of people into the sovereign dignity of knowledge... to bring man closer to man by striving to reduce the terrible if invisible gulf of ignorance; to struggle against mental starvation and the resulting under-development by providing every individual with a minimum ration of spiritual calories....

M. Rostand concluded his speech with a reference to one of the aims of the Kalinga Prize — to strengthen the ties between India and the scientists of the world — and a tribute to India:—

> There are still countries in our world of today who command respect and inspire friendship by the nobility of their aspirations, the loftiness of their ideals and their fidelity to universal values. India is such a country. Not only does one unhesitatingly accept something from her; it is an honour to be indebted to her.

This is, alas! an era when Mercury, God of Wisdom, too often assumes the other character assigned to him as patron of thieves. For stealing, whether petty "fiddling" or on the vast scale of bank raids, planned with all the precision of a major military operation, is a commonplace in the present civilization. It is not only material wealth and goods that are stolen. *John O'London's,* the well-known literary weekly (now revived after some years' break), hits out forcefully in its editorial of May 19th, 1960, at "Literary Larceny," the "disgusting and dishonest business" of plagiarism, of which it has at least three

times in the past eight months been the innocent agent. Under the 1956 Copyright Act, the author has some protection. The publisher, however, having paid the literary thief, may also have to pay damages to the real author. No editor can possibly know every story or poem published, and the risk is far greater where an editor valiantly encourages the younger, unknown writers. *John O' London's* questions the motive for this "despicable" practice. In some cases obviously the few pounds "easy money" is the lure. A short story for which the magazine paid one contributor (now vanished) proved to be stolen from an Australian writer. But three prize-winning entries in the *Daily Mirror's* first Children's Literary Competition were also found to have been "lifted." And a word-for-word plagiarized verse contribution invaded *John O' London's* "Poetry Page" (a feature for which no payment is made). Are there then plagiarists who are inveterate thieves by nature, or "evil practical jokers"? The editorial comment ends by declaring that

> any person who so debases the value of copyright commits the deadliest *literary* sin and in any context such conduct deserves to be condemned. A thief is a thief whatever he steals.

It is good to have the position stated so bluntly. But it is not so much the question of "punishing" the thief that is important as the problem of inculcating right values. It is perhaps a daydream, but it would be interesting to imagine the results upon public and private morals of a campaign by all publishers and publications to "put over" the true concept of what is called in the East the Law of Karma. For men generally have not realized that the natural law "action and reaction are equal and opposite" must be applied to the subjective and psychological planes also. The thief who steals, when the reaction comes, inevitably, will be himself bereft. The one who injures, when the reaction comes, will be the victim — in this or in some future life.

If the men of intellect and understanding, who should be leaders, could grasp and pioneer the idea, the rest would in time follow their example. To be able to rely on the honesty of mankind — is it only a dream?

We greatly regret that exceptional difficulties have continued to press on the editorial office and delay THE ARYAN PATH. The end of them, however, is in sight, and we hope to return soon to schedule. The July issue is in press, and by the time this June issue reaches readers' hands, the August issue will also be in press. The July and August issues will be dispatched together. We request our readers' indulgence through this phase.—ED.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

(A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PURE THEOSOPHY)

"Our duty is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions."

—H. P. Blavatsky

Annual Subscription

Rs. 4.00; 8s.; $2.00 (Post Free)

(Specimen copy on request)

VOLUME XXX MAY 1960 No. 7

CONTENTS INCLUDE

THE BROTHERHOOD TO BE

FROM MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY TO HER CORRESPONDENTS

"THE BREAKDOWN OF PHYSICAL MODELS"

STUDIES IN THE SECRET DOCTRINE (2nd Series) By B. P. WADIA. 7. THE THREE HYPOSTASES

"GOOD IS RESTRAINT IN SPEECH"

FEARLESSNESS

EQUANIMITY

ESOTERIC AND EXOTERIC—By B. P. W.

THEOSOPHY COMPANY (India) PRIVATE LTD.

40, NEW MARINE LINES, BOMBAY I, INDIA

"Thus Have I Heard"

by

"SHRAVAKA" B. P. WADIA

The volume contains leading articles which have appeared under the signature "Shravaka" in the international cultural monthly "The Aryan Path" for the last 30 years.

The vast range of his interests covers subjects such as, the Great Teachers (Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Gandhiji and others), Political and Social Reform, the Significance of Great Festivals, Psychology, and Individual Betterment.

350 Pages Calico binding

Rs. 10/-; $2.50; 12*s*. 6*d*.

(Postage Extra)

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

BANGALORE 4
INDIA

62, QUEEN'S GARDENS,
LONDON W. 2.